

MARVEL®
6th Oct 90

THE REAL

№121 45p

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GH^{OST}BUSTERS™

and

SLIMER!



EVEN MORE
SLIME!

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EVEN MORE
SLIME!



Howdee-doodie, folks, and welcome to the start of something new! All good things come to an end as we move on to gooier things, so say 'hello' to the first merge issue of **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS AND SLIMER** (hip, hip, hooray!).

Follow everybody's favourite greenie from the cover to a tale of anti-wrinkle slime where events run far from smooth in this week's story, **Beauty Scream!**

It's that incredible ghost again, only this time he stars in the first instalment of a special **Slimer** story. And proving that you can't have enough of a good thing, we offer you the chance to colour him in to your heart's content. Remember the golden rule and you can't go wrong: *green* is the colour, so go to it!

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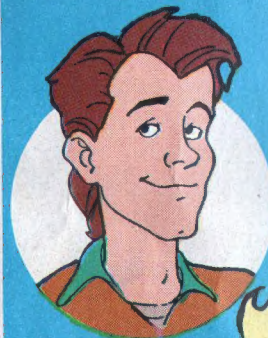
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THE REAL GHOST BUSTERS™



PETER
VENKMAN



EGON
SPENGLER



RAY
STANTZ



WINSTON
ZEDDMORE

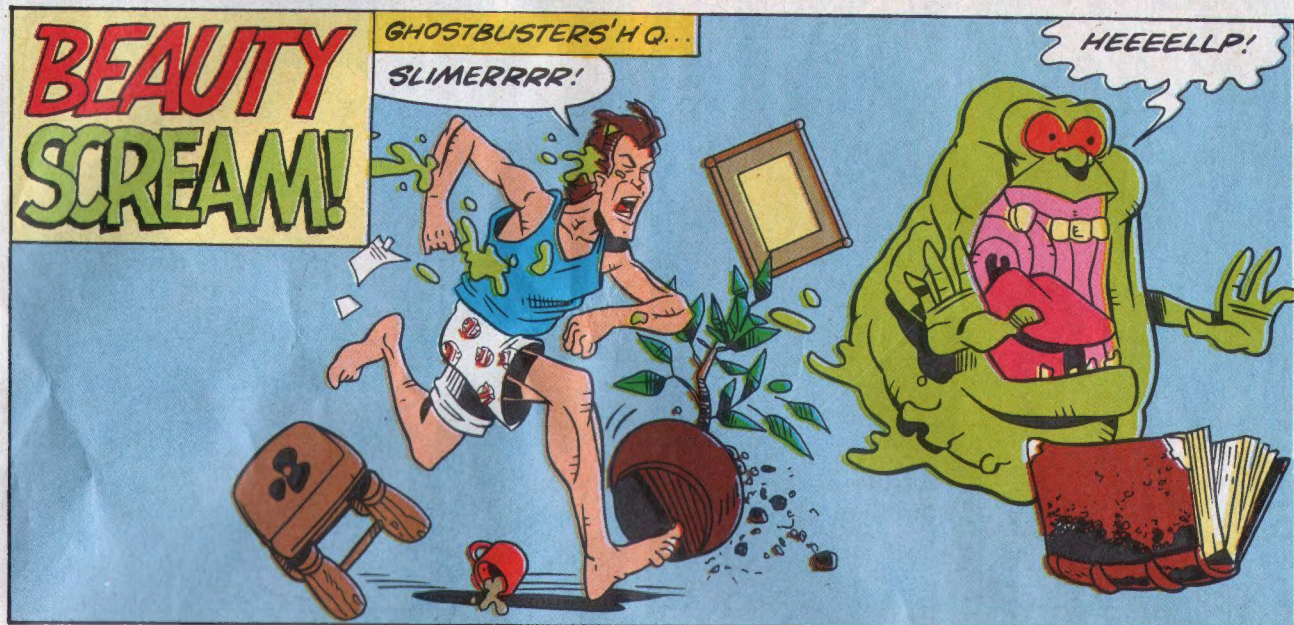


JANINE
MELNITZ

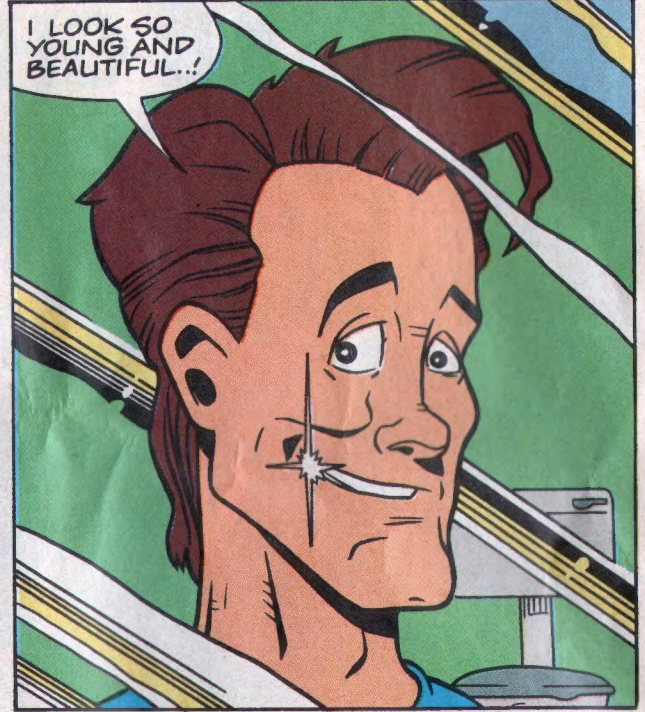
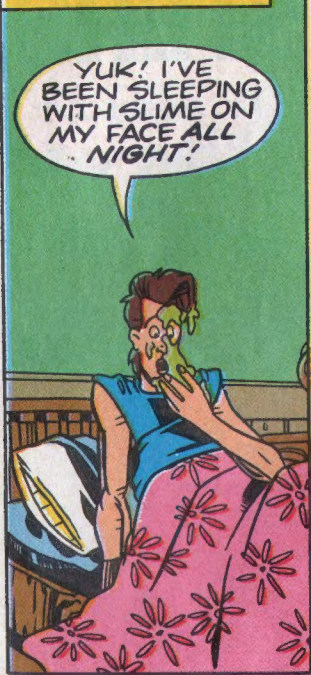
SLIMER



THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™



NEXT MORNING...



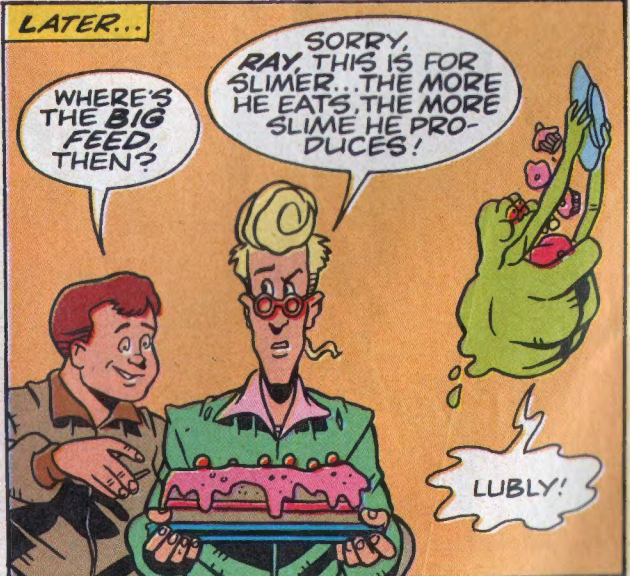
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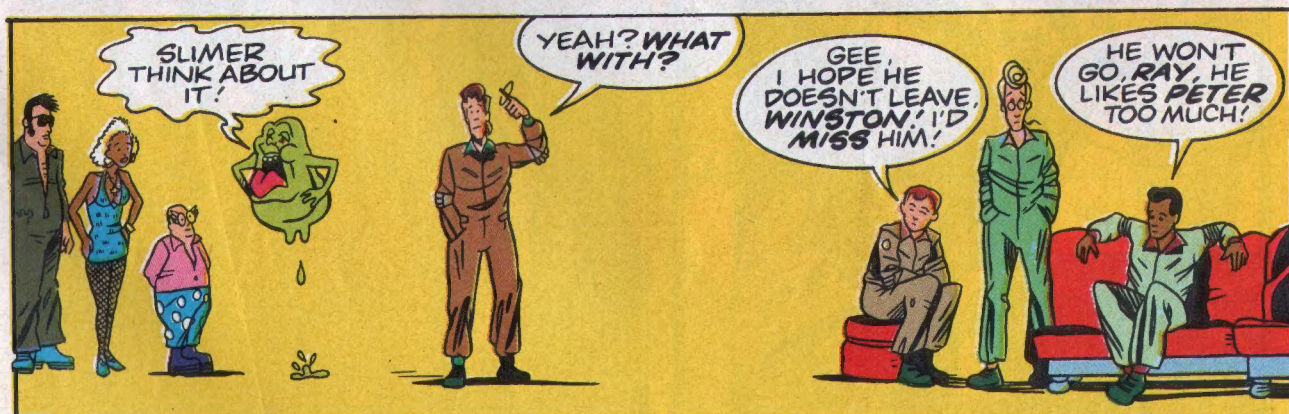
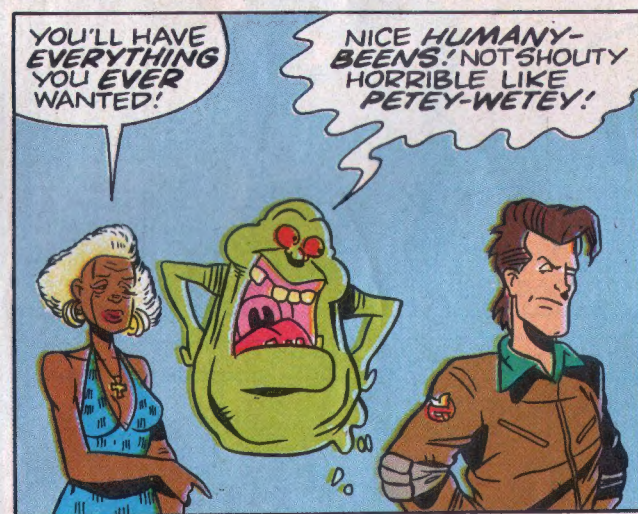
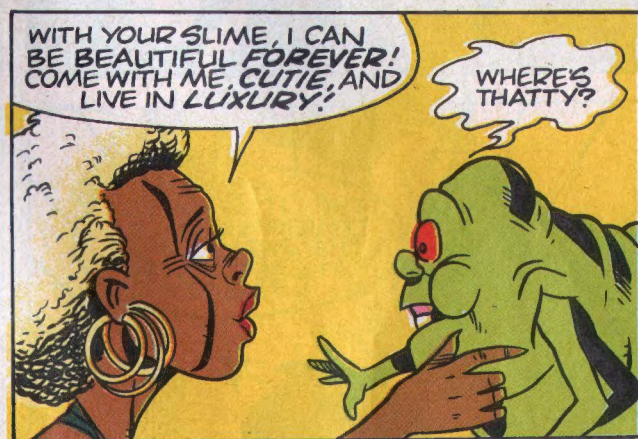
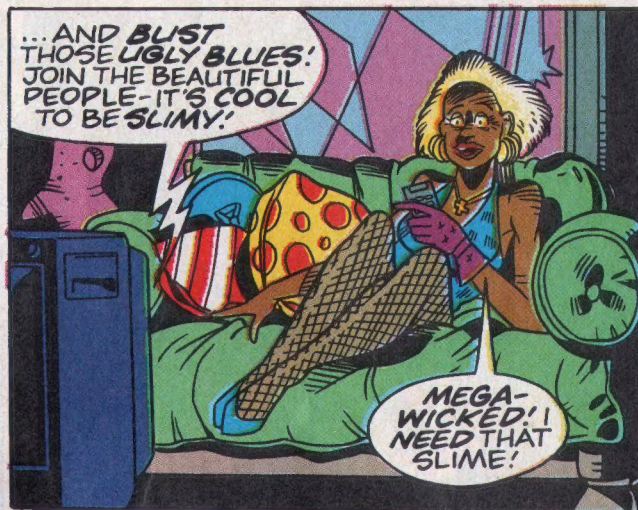
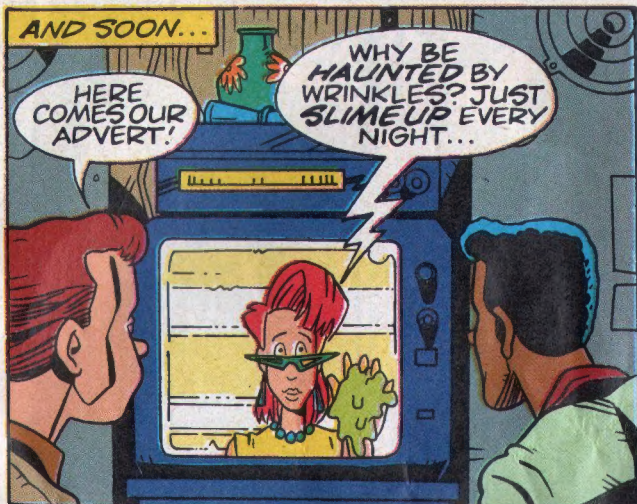


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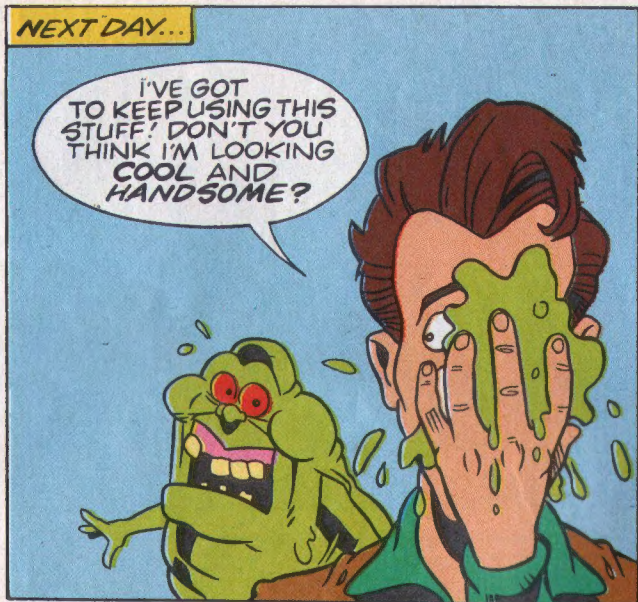


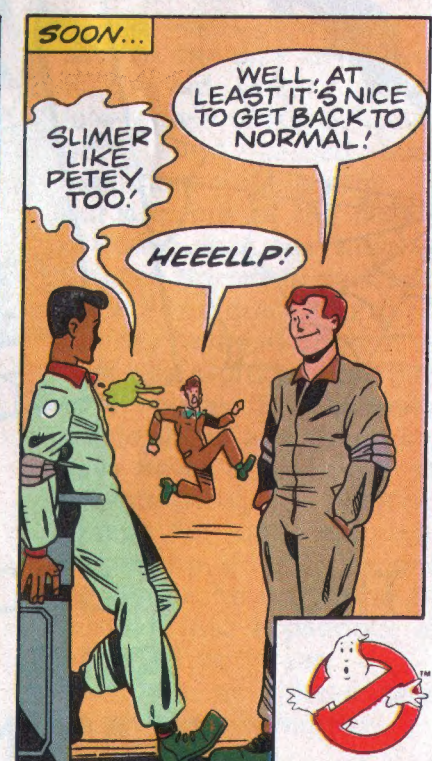
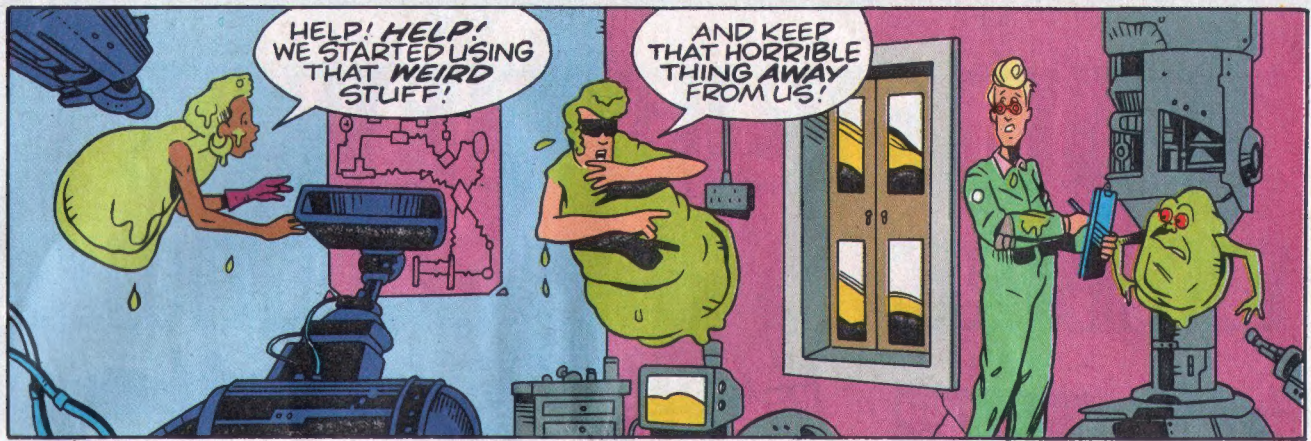
LATER...



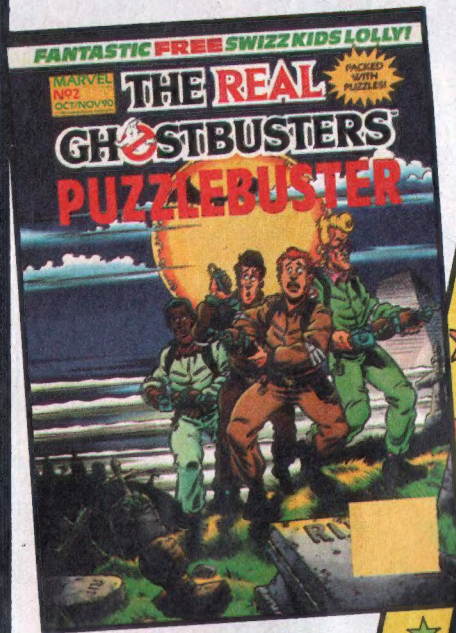


NEXT DAY...





WHAT ARE YOU DOING THIS HALLOWE'EN?



**FREE
SWIZZ
KIDS
LOLLY!**

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS PUZZLEBUSTER!
ISSUE TWO ON SALE NOW!
BI-MONTHLY FROM MARVEL

SPENGLER'S

SPIRIT

The ancient Erudlians had a saying that went "Sport and politics don't mix". This puts one vaguely in mind of the Tanstaaflian adage "Never mix a penny fwert with a shilling of dowberry". It is curious to note that since the extinction of the last fwert tree in 1707, only one of the phrases has any significance for mankind.

I've brought this up for the simple reason that this week I want to talk a little about the concept of *adverse mixture* in the Supercosmos and both phrases remind me of the Yldammic saying, "Mix not thy Kolord with thy Madrigori or 'twill be tears before smogfall."

Some things in this world should be left unmixed for safety's sake – drinks, for instance, sport and politics if you want a civilised conversation, fire and dynamite, and until 1707, fwerts and dowberries.

In the rank infernal tracts of the Supercosmic Maxiverse, much simpler things should not be mixed unless you want to be left with massive cleaning bills. The ectoplasmic configuration of the various diabolical creatures that live there are so volatile and varied, that they go together with all the ease and lack-of-fuss of 'a potassium cat in a swimming pool of pigeons' (as Vondahuck puts it in his book *Overwrought Similies Like Things That Are Said To Be*



GUIDE

PART 121

The Same As Something Else, Only More Complicatedly – Shudder and Stoutyeoman, 1967).

Chemical compatibility is a big problem for all demons and ghosts. When Uldrastic, the Demon-Prince of Qumff, mistook a Sanatter-jack Crowlord for his long lost brother, Clive, and hugged him in a fraternal way, they were picking pieces of tenderised demon-goo from their teeth as far away as Bicester. Some in the ghoulish hierarchy have to be careful about who they hire as familiars. When Carnosauce the Vulgar took on a Nite-elf as his Second-under-kicking Familiar, it took him three weeks to retrieve his left leg from the roof of the nearby multi-storey chariot park.

The worst example of adverse mixture came about

some twenty centuries ago when Nozquite, the Lord of All Things Rugose, invited the arch demons Snazzi-axe and Raoul the Unexpected round to his cavern for a friendly evening's whist. Nozquite even put out some peanuts, and sulphur-and-brimstone flavoured snacklets, to really make an evening of it. What he didn't reckon on was the fact that he was made of ecto-matter, while Snazzi-axe was composed of ecto-antimatter and Raoul was a being of ecto-undecided-matter. One fateful moment later, as they all dipped their paws into the bowl for the last remaining salt-and-tarmac cryptstick, there was a tremendous reaction that blew a hole in the fabric of the Supercosmos the size of Alaska. It covered Gozer's palace in a shower of semolina-like gunk, and caused such explosions of energy to burp up out of the oceans of Earth that the King of Atlantis started to pack hurriedly for a quick trip to his holiday home in Bognor. Only the Mults of the Third Level have a chemically stable slime, and their kind have never been known to spontaneously explode, except for one who was harvesting dowberries one day when he wandered by mistake into a paddock of grazing fwert trees. But that, as I have said, doesn't usually happen.

WINSTON'S DIARY

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF WINSTON ZEDDMORE



Story DAN ABNETT  Art BRIAN WILLIAMSON, DAVE HARWOOD and JOHN BURNS

Friday, 28th September 1990

For a long time, Numbly has been the most popular game in the Supercosmos. I guess you know about that. We sure do, since the last time a Numbly game 'spilled over' into our dimension during extra time. But Numbly's not the number one game any more. Oh no, sir. Not since they invented 'Zook'. And how do I know? I'll tell you. . .

It all started when Janine and I sat down one lunch-time and had a civilised lunch with Slimer. Scoff not! (Which is funnily enough what Janine said to Slimer when she opened the pizza box). Slimer's been altogether pretty good recently. We've got him 'slime-trained' when it comes to causing little accidents about HQ. Egon set up this vat of ectoplasmic neutraliser goo in reception, so that any time Slimer feels like gunking explosively, he does it in the vat and it saves a lot of effort. And carpets and cleaning bills. He's also learned it's not advisable to grab just any food that's going. Not if it belongs to Peter or Ray, particularly. It's actually now quite pleasant to sit down for lunch with Slimer hovering by the table and offer him a piece of pizza and have him say 'Splease-e-weasy' and 'thanky-ranky-roo' and only spooking when he's spoken too. We've done a great job.

I should have guessed something was wrong when, in the middle of our civilised lunch, Slimer suddenly went quiet, shuddered a few times, span in the air and dropped out of sight behind the end of the desk. 'Huh?' said Janine and I, and we both leaned over the end of the desk to see what had happened. I wish we hadn't and so does my dry cleaner. Janine and I were showered with goo as Slimer shot up to the roof like a bullet, punching through the skylight with an ectoplasmic 'plok'.

That would have been enough to cause a lot of shouting and an ecto-tamper proof lock on the fridge until further notice. But as Janine and I were just



getting ready to deliver a lot of shouting, a large, bison-like ghost in a coloured jersey, wielding a big bat shaped like a tennis racket, ploughed up out of the floor, through the desk and headed skywards after our little pet ghost. It shouted 'Zook Zook Zook!'

Before we could comment on this unusual occurrence we were knocked aside by about fifteen more large, fast-moving demons, wearing either the same shirt as the first one or others of an equally abhorrent design, all rampaging hell-for-leather after the first.

"I feel this is a new game from out there," said Janine.

"I feel you're right," I replied.

"I feel rather funky," said Peter, wading towards us through the three foot-deep goo that now swirled through HQ.

I went for my Proton Pack, slipped, floundered, got up, grabbed my Proton Pack and said "Blurge plurk."

"Huh?" asked Peter and Janine.

I spat out the rest of the goo. "Let's get them," I said.

Peter and I raced (sorry, sloshed) to the front doors, opened them, and were washed out into the road by a tide of slime. Getting to our feet (three tries actually did it), we looked for traces of

Slimer. It wasn't hard to find. It looked like someone had skidded a four ton snail across the street at high speed, demolishing the sushi bar on the corner. Weird, slimy noises and commotions were coming from the tenement opposite. We rushed over (in the way that two men doused in treacle can rush).

We got inside the door of the tenement in time to see a rather large spook shaped like an irate centipede send Slimer flying with his racket. "Move over here, Peter." I recommended, ducking into a side doorway. "Why?" he asked and was promptly trampled by sixteen fast moving, slimy demons.

We zapped the last one through the passageway, bounced him off the walls a



couple of times and then laid him down next to an open Ghost Trap for questioning.

"What's the story?" Peter asked crossly, goo dripping off his nose.

The story was simple. Zook was the new popular game. You started by possessing a simple Class five free-roaming repeater like Slimer, and then two teams of eight knocked him about the place in the hope of scoring a 'Home Zook'.

"It's Australian Rules Rugby with Slimer as the ball," announced Peter.

"And then some!" the spook said. "We love that Aussie game. Don't you? Isn't Zook just the greatest?"

"No," we replied, and busted him.

I guess we'd have been running about all afternoon after Slimer if Ray and Egon hadn't rigged up the neutraliser net in the middle of the street. As one of the spooks connected his racket with Slimer and the poor little green goop flew across the road, the proton display cut in and Slimer crackled with nuclear power. "Ow" he said as he bounced to earth next to the others.

Ray and Egon then cranked up the power as the player-spooks rushed through after their 'ball'.

There was an amazingly loud explosion and the leaping ghouls vaporised in a welter of sticky, stringy goo.

Gunk covered about three acres of New York.

Peter wiped his face and blew his nose. Goo dripped off the end of his Proton Gun and pooled on the floor. I picked myself up from the bath of slime I had landed in.

We squelched over to Janine, Ray and Egon, who were watching Slimer skid around like a tennis ball out of play.

"Thanky-ranky buddy-buddy-buddy-buddies!" Slimer remarked gratefully.

"Don't mention it," I said, as we all wiped the gunk from our faces.

"Game over," said Ray.

"You said it," I replied.



GARBAGE GHOUL

Busting ghosts is a dirty job, but somebody's got to do it! At least that was the message The Real Ghostbusters learned from their encounter with The Garbage Ghoul, who they discovered alive and reeking in a New York State Municipal Dump.

This whiffy weirdo 'hung out' in the centre of the rubbish tip, grumbling and a-groaning beneath the hordes of refuse that had been laid to rest. Or at least, that was the intention!

The Ghostbusting team smelled trouble when they detected an unnatural build-up of ectoplasmic energy. It also appeared that the centre of the tip lay directly across the path of two ley lines (mystical lines, joining two prominent points in a landscape).

Due to the energy drawn from the lines, the dirty demon was strong enough to take on any rubbish that was thrown at him and to use it for his own benefit.

Fortunately, however, he was a poor match for the focus beams as they were aimed at the centre of the ley lines, causing the gungy ghoul to crumble into oblivion. This rubbish had been well and truly dumped!



DEAD TRUE!



here is an ex-President who refuses to leave the confines of the most powerful corridors in the political world, despite the fact that he was assassinated in 1865! The ghost in question is none other than Abraham Lincoln, the American leader who was shot dead in a Washington theatre.

Various US presidents and other celebrated leaders claim to have had strange encounters within the White House over the past 100 years. It is reputed that Britain's Prime Minister during the Second World War, Winston Churchill disliked sleeping in Lincoln's old bedroom because of the eerie atmosphere. The US President is also said to have

knocked on the door while Queen Wilhemina of the Netherlands was staying. Not surprisingly, she consequently fainted through the shock of standing face to face with the old President.

Towards the end of the 19th century when Benjamin Harrison was in power, his personal body-guard is said to have made a frantic appeal to the spectral apparition. John Kenney's nerves were so shaken by the constant knocking on doors and heavy footsteps that he cried out to Lincoln to leave him alone as he was unable to carry out any duties because his nerves had become too jittery. Mr. Lincoln never troubled the White House aide again.

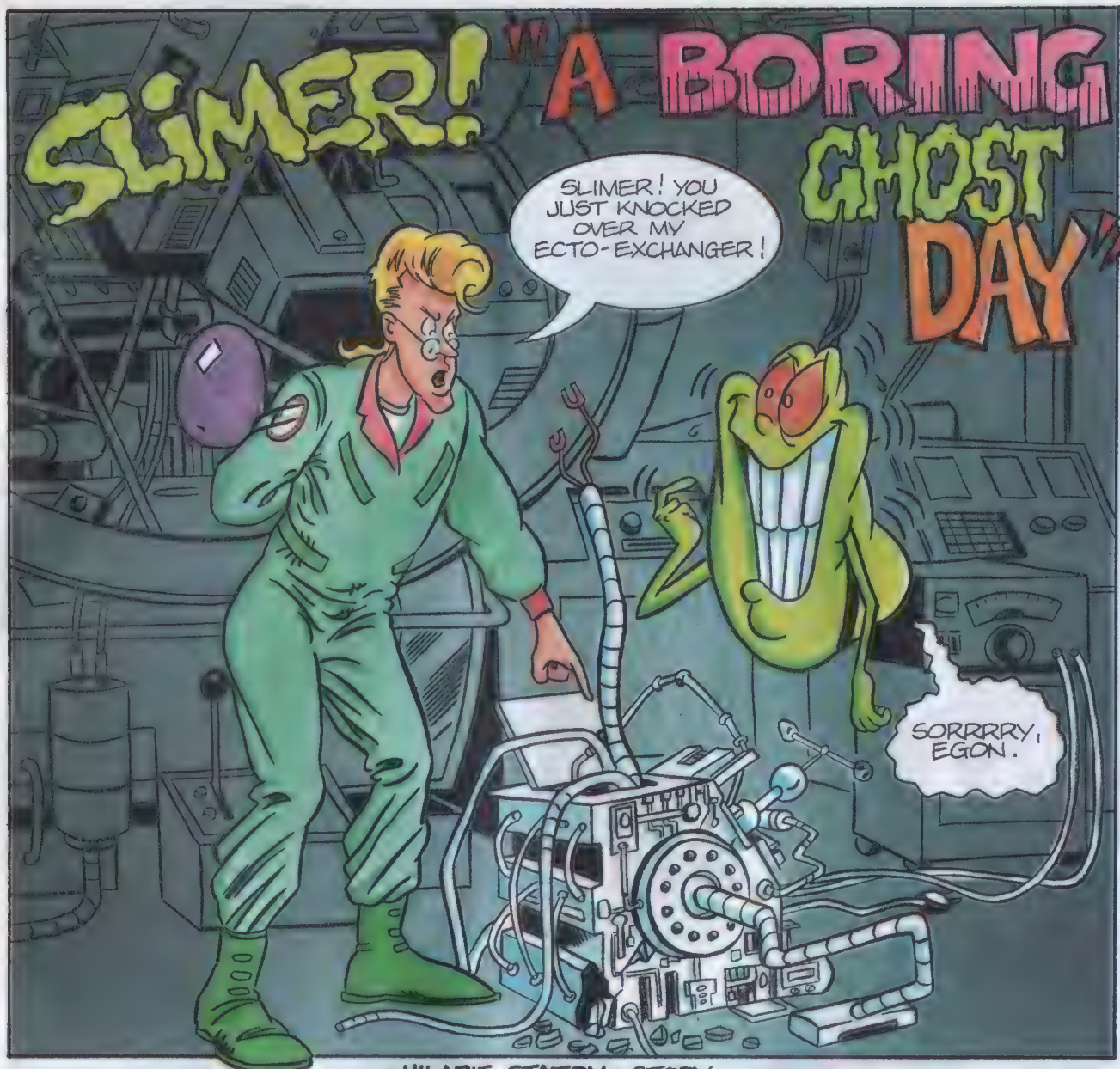
In times of crisis, Lincoln's spirit is said to

increase its visits to the old office. This was the case during the Second World War, when the 16th President of the USA was frequently sighted around the building looking decidedly anxious.

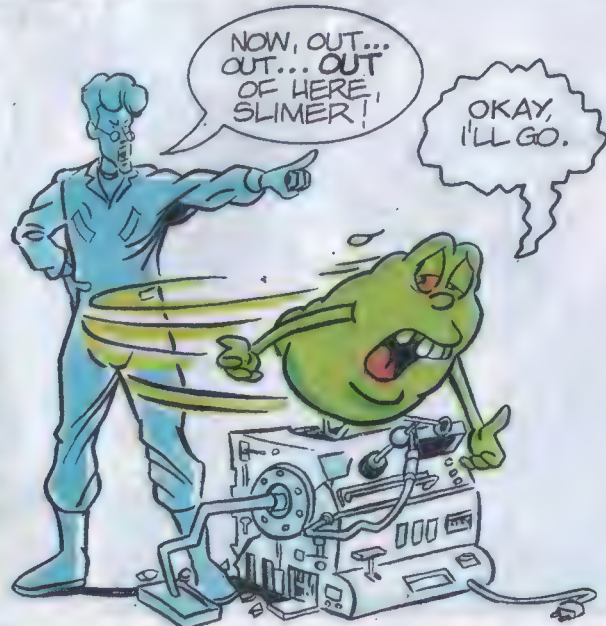
While Lincoln was alive and residing in the White House he reported that he had received a premonition of his own death.

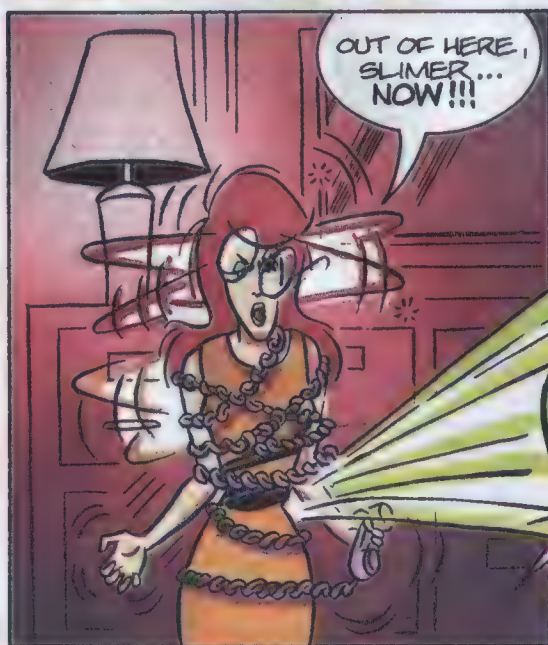
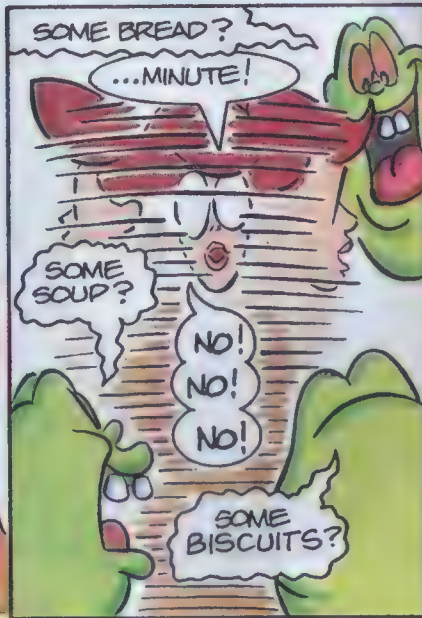
It happened shortly before the assassination when he awoke during the night, disturbed by the sound of somebody crying. He told an aide that he had wandered downstairs until he came to the East Room. Before him was a coffin and mourners. 'Who is dead?' he demanded. 'The President,' was the reply. 'He was killed by an assassin.'

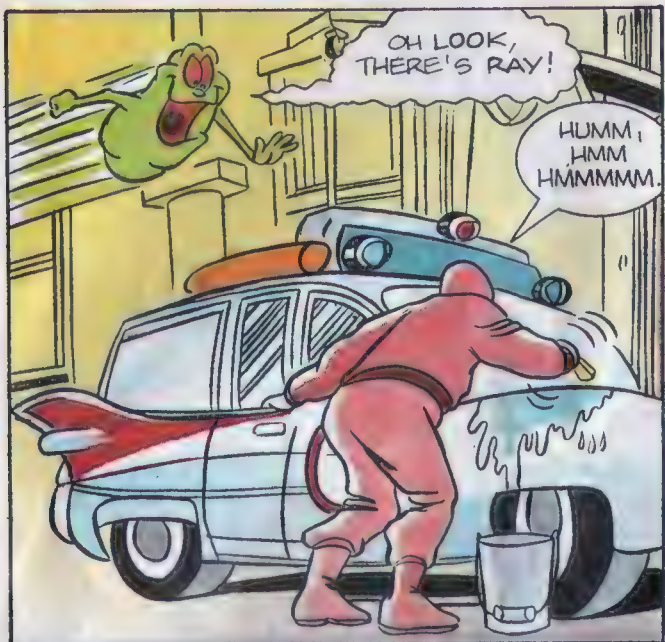




• HILARIE STATON - STORY
 • DAVE SCHWARTZ - PENCILS • PATRICK ONSLEY - INKS, LETTERS AND COLOURS
 • KATHERINE LLEWELLYN - EDITOR • TONY CAPUTO - EDITOR IN CHIEF
 • COVER BY TOM GIANNI







ACROSS TOWN AT THE UN-NATURAL MUSEUM, PROFESSOR DWEEB IS SETTING UP HIS NEW SHOW.

WELL, ELIZABETH, MY NEW SHOW IS ALMOST READY. ONLY ONE THING LEFT TO MAKE IT PERFECT...

WE'RE HE-E-RE!

GHOST SIGHTINGS

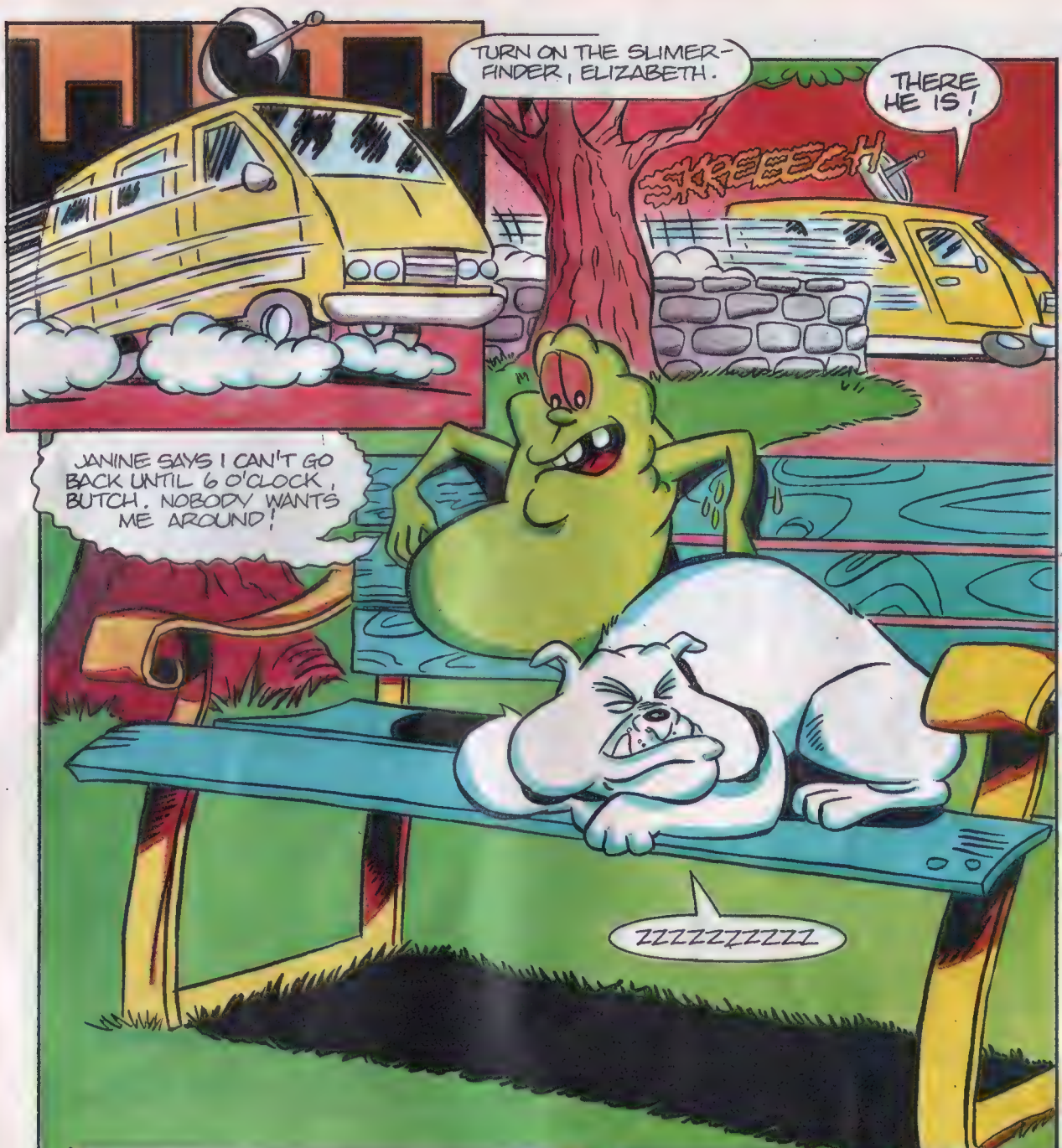
DWEEB'S GHOST Exhibit

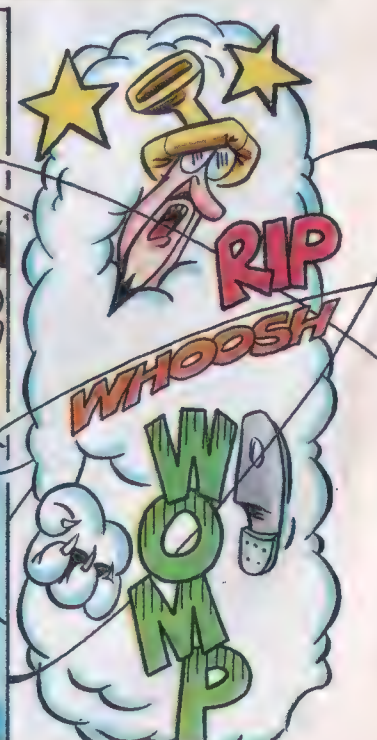
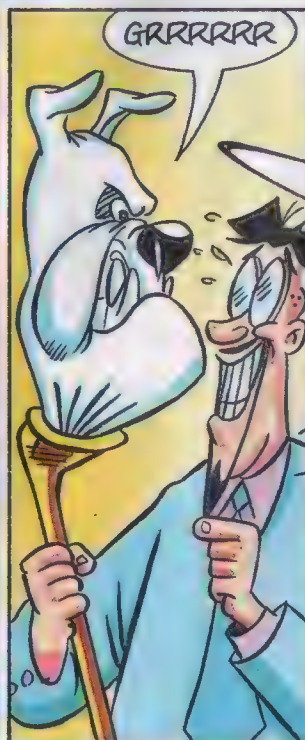
SALUTE TO POLTERGEISTS

...A REAL GHOST...

...LIKE SLIMER!

I'M A SCIENTIST. I'LL CATCH HIM AND PUT HIM IN THE SHOW.





SLIME TIME!

Slimer wants your jokes! Send 'em to: **SLIME TIME**
Marvel Comics Ltd
13/15 Arundel Street
London
WC2



What's a crocodile's favourite card game?

Snap!

– Daniel Stenman, Woodford Green

What do you get if you sit under a cow?

A pat on the head!

– Andrew James, Warwick

Why did the dinosaur cross the road?

Because chickens weren't around in those days!

– Anon, Wiltshire

What did the policeman say to his tummy?

You are under a vest!

– Russell Johnson, Kent

Why did the lady sit on the watch?

Because she wanted to be on time!

– David Schmidt, Morpeth

What did the big tonsil say to the little tonsil?

Put your coat on, the doctor's taking us out tonight!

– Richard Ogden, Gloucester



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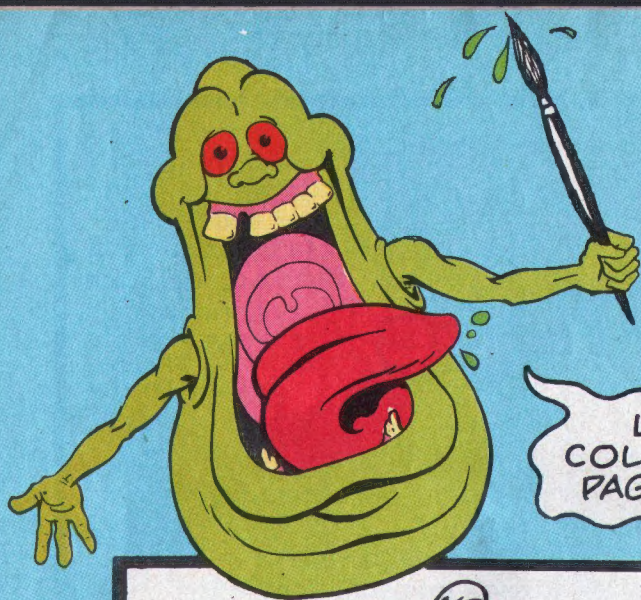
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SIGNATURE OF PARENT OR GUARDIAN

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SPECTRAL SPECTRUM PAGE!

LOVELEE
COLOURING-IN
PAGEY-WAGEY!!



GH^{OST} WRITING!



Yep! It's that time of the week again. Post-bag time with Uncle Peter V. So, come on, drop me a line and make my day!

Dear Peter...

Please could you and the other Ghostbusters answer my questions:

1. Egon, what is the most dangerous ghost you have ever captured?
 2. Peter, why don't you like Slimer?
 3. Winston, are you cool?
 4. Ray, why are you so nice?
- Mabeena Khan.

P.S. Please tell Ray that he is cutely and radically gorgeous!

Bleargh!! You are one sick individual if you think that Ray Stantz is the cutest Ghostbuster. What about me, huh? 1. Egon says that the most dangerous spook that we have ever captured was definitely not Gozer. He also went on to tell me in his usual drawn-out way that Vigo was

not the most dangerous either, nor even the dreaded Nekkdasgeddon. This was due mainly to the fact that we didn't manage to bust any of them. Gozer was blasted back into his own dimension, Vigo got entombed in the painting once more and Nekkdasgeddon didn't turn out to be as nasty as he looked and tricycled off into the suhset. Egon further went on to say that many of the more dangerous looking ghosts are in fact pretty harmless in the end. So if Egon can't answer your question properly, who can? 2. Well, would you like someone who ate your food and slimed you all the time? I think not! 3. Winston says that he is the coolest Ghostbuster around, but you know I hate to disagree with him! 4. Ray says that it is all part of his inert charm. Whereas I'd say it was all a big lie, and part of his inane charm. If, indeed, charm is the right word for what he has got!

I have got some questions for you:

1. Do you live in the Ghostbusters' HQ?
 2. Who drives ECTO-1 the most?
 3. Do you enjoy being a Ghostbuster?
- Mark Anthony, South Wales.
P.S. You are my favourite Ghostbuster!

Now this is more like it! A discerning reader! Right then, Mark. 1. Ghostbusters' HQ is like a fire station in more ways than one. Not only does it look like one (mainly because it was

one), but also we tend to sleep there a lot in case we are called out on emergencies. Of course we charge a lot of money for night busts, but who wouldn't! Mind you, I do have my own apartment in New York so that I can get away from it all when things get too much! 2. Winston, without a doubt, drives ECTO-1 the fastest and the most. 3. Of course I enjoy it. It's fun and you get to meet lots of interesting people – dead people, admittedly, but they are interesting nonetheless!

I hope that you are in a good mood because I want you to answer some questions for me:

1. Why did Gozer choose Dana to be the Gatekeeper?
 2. Will ECTO-5 be a flying saucer?
 3. What is your favourite food?
 4. Have you seen Walter Peck since he freed all of the ghosts?
 5. Why don't you like Slimer?
- Simon Diamond, Stoke Newington

1. Good taste, I imagine! 2. I'll suggest it to Egon on the off chance that he might think of inventing a new vehicle. But a flying saucer? Hmm, I just don't know! 3. West Pier Pizza with extra chilli and apple. Delicious! 4. We sometimes see him on the sidewalk, so I make sure we always drive through a nearby puddle and completely soak him, the rodent! 5. Very much the same reason that I hate Walter Peck for... he's slimy!

Ghost Writing, Marvel Comics Ltd, 13/15 Arundel Street, London WC2

THE HOWLING!

